

THE SIEGE!

Every wide-awake soldier of
Christ and the Army charge
down on the devil.

THE SIEGE!

THE

WAKE UP.

Are you unawake? If so, the
Captain of the Army wants you.
Go quickly! He will tell you
how to get saved from sin.

WAKE UP.

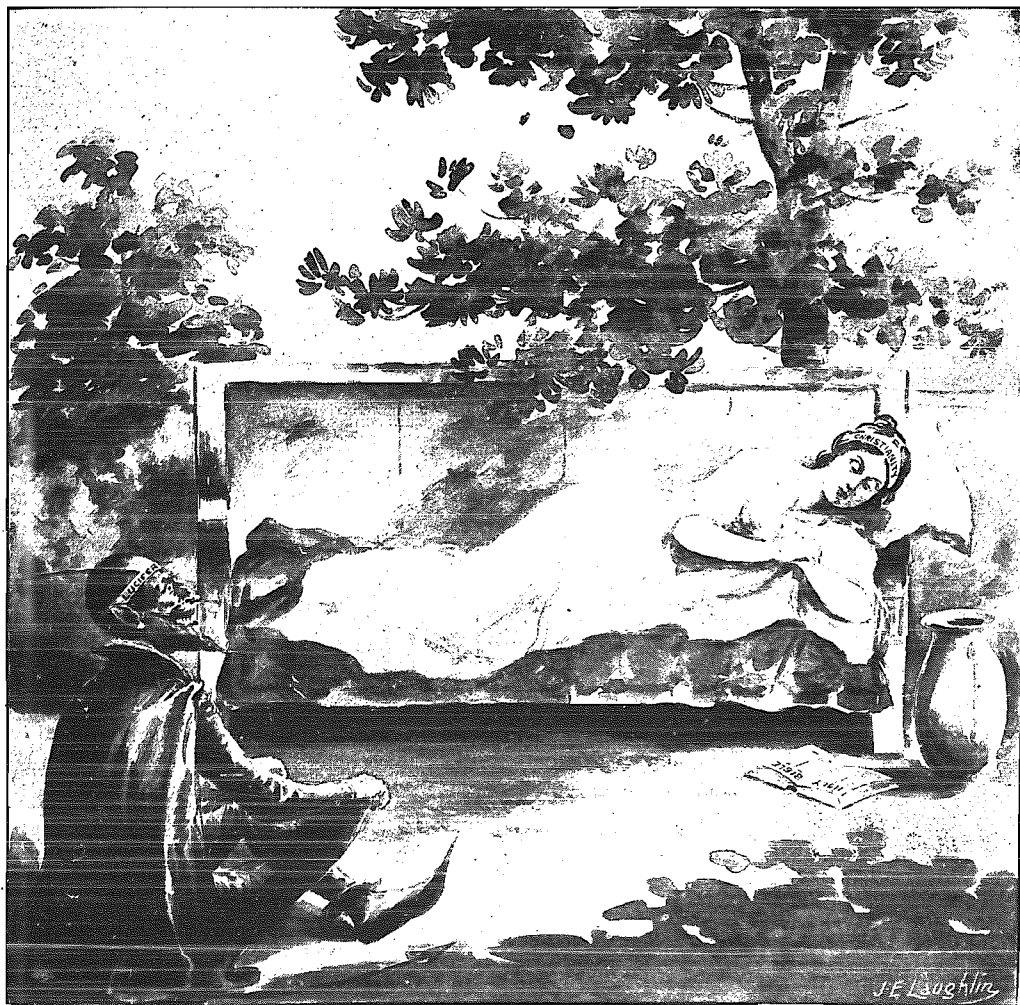
WAR CRY



VOL. II. No. 37. [WILLIAM BOOTH,
General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, MARCH 6. 1897

[EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commander for North-Western America.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



SATAN: "Sleep on, Christianity; while you sleep my cause is safe."

"AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST, AND ARISE FROM THE DEAD, AND CHRIST SHALL
GIVE THEE LIGHT."—Eph. v. 14.

Thou great Commander-in-Chief, if all the mean, cowardly runaways, that one paltry excuse or another have within our small knowledge forsaken their blessed banner and left the poor struggling troops bleeding in the breach, had been doomed to summary punishment, what a doleful hurrying into eternity there would have been! No, His delighteth in mercy. Some have returned and been forgiven, and since done valiantly. Others are still about the earth, and concerning them and their rewards they have repaid, and the haunting memories of the past, we say nothing, but pass on.

Oh, this Queen of Graces, ENDURING GRACE—the scarcest grace of all. I have met during my short pilgrimage with an abundance of all other kinds of graces, any kind that can be named, and many kinds that are nameless, but of this holding on grace, this staying power, this proper kind of final perseverance, this enduring to the end, I must confess that I have not found it very common! And yet it is the true soldier's grace, carrying in its bosom all other graces, or, rather, carrying forward all other graces to perfection and paradise. And what is it but the willingness, the capacity to SUFFER, the acceptance of the agony and the crucifixion as the only road for the true soldier to resurrection and to certain and triumphant entry into heaven? For soldiers of Jesus Christ who know not only how to live and how to fight, but how to die, are invincible.

AND THE LAST MARCH OF A GOOD SOLDIER THAT WE NOTICE IS THAT HE IS

VICTORIOUS.

Honey Social and Soul Saving.

D. O. Cameron Talks of His Tour in West Toronto District.

BRAMPTON.—Captain O'Neil and wife are getting on well here, and souls are getting saved. I had a nice meeting here and one soul. There are some recruits to be enrolled at my next visit.

ORANGEVILLE.—I had a nice meeting with the Soldiers here. Cheer up, my dear Comrades, you shall see better days in Orangeville yet. God is with you and He will not fail you.

FEVERHAM.—My Comrades had been looking forward for some time for the opening of their new Barracks. My first meeting was a happy one; Sunday morning holiness meeting was a hour—searching time. God came very near. Afternoon and night the presence of God was felt, and after a long and well-fought battle ONE SOUL came to God.

Monday night a honey social and a musical meeting. There was a good success. My Comrade here has one of the brightest and most cheerful Barracks I have been in. Well done, Feversham!

OVEN SOUND.—Spent Saturday and Sunday here and had good crowds and good meetings. ONE SOUL came to God also; enrolled one recruit and commissioned the local Officers. There are several more recruits to be enrolled here at my next visit. Captain Flowers and Lieutenant Charlton are getting on well here and souls are getting saved.

CHEBLEY.—I spent two nights here; had good times and commissioned the Local Officers. This Corps is in good condition. Captain has worked hard and has seen souls saved.

CAPTAIN FRASER has just taken charge of Watford, and is full of faith for victory. I had a nice meeting the last night. All around the District things are looking bright.

H. Cameron, D. O.

Sixty-four is the total number of years in Sixty-four Army who were represented by five Riverside Soldiers' testimonies—all comparatively young people, saved in the S. A. too.

WANTED.—A FISHER.



"No sin shall enter Heaven."—"If what he says is true, I'm a lost man."

"THE SIEGE"

Commander-in-Chief's Orders for Week Ending March 13th, 1897.

(1.) Beware of the fortifications of indifference, carelessness, excuses, arguments and other refuges behind which sinners hide. Don't let them drive you off, but press through and overcome them.

(2.) Hardening of heart, driving away of conviction, etc.

(3.) God's true Soldiers are always on duty. Don't compromise with the devil, for the wreck of the world came through compromise.

(4.) Soldiers should have become by this date fully equipped for the battle, and in attacking the forces of darkness he found in the ranks of desperados for God!

(5.) Remember "the kingdom of God suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Thus sort "goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

Call out to God! Exercise faith! Work hard!

(6.) Instead of the usual meeting Monday night, try following Sunday's efforts with a red-hot prayer-meeting. Let every heart that knows anything of Calvary's dying love, storm Heaven with passionate appeals for sinners' Salvation. Don't forget the value the Bible sets on a soul.

(7.) Visitation of Sunday's converts. Hold cottage meetings.

(8.) Jesus is as fond of blessing and saving in the kitchens and parlors, and fishermen's huts, as when His own dear foot sought the sick and weary in their own homes.

(9.) When God fed the Israelites, Heaven rained fresh manna for every day. God has fresh grace with which to strengthen the Soldiers of the Cross daily. Don't go on with old supplies.

(10.) Open-air and meeting. Try and get some one saved.

(11.) Don't fail to use a good opportunity to the best advantage because it comes often. This is usually the best night in the week for audiences.

(12.) Holiness meeting.

(13.) Grumbler, Heart-Backsliders, Faint-Hearts, etc., people with a More Profession.

(14.) Holiness meeting.

(15.) Grudges, Backbitings, etc.

(16.) Selling War Cry.

(17.) Knees-drill.

(18.) Open-air.

(19.) Good Free-and-Easy and try to get sinners into the Fountain. Pray specially for Sunday meetings.

The ultimate success of the Siege depends upon continued and repeated attacks being made upon the enemy's (1) fortifications, not only with a view to weakening his power, but also to prevent any strengthening of his (2) present position being made by him.

There shall, therefore, be no (3) lessening or cessation of hostilities against the works of Beelzebub, until he either surrenders, or else his fortifications are broken down, his forces scattered and his soldiers taken as prisoners of war, or brought into our own ranks as wounded, and the lost, whom he has kept in slavish bondage, captured from his power and brought into the Kingdom of the Prince of Peace.

Instructions.

(4.) The same plan of Advance and Attack followed out on Sunday, February 23th, will be adopted in all its principal features on Sunday, March 7th, except that the attack upon the enemy's lines should be made by larger numbers of your troops, and a more determined, vigorous and sustained bombardment of the enemy should be carried on.

NOTE.—(5.) Make more use of the batteries of artillery. Cover all engagements for advance and retirement with your artillery. The batteries must pound away until the walls and earthworks are broken down, and your troops can march in and rout the enemy.

Suggestions.

The following suggestions are given for additional Company Commanders, who, although acting in harmony with the whole of the forces, will be responsible for their own engagements with the enemy, subject to orders issued from the Commander-in-Chief's Office.

Monday, 8th.

(6.) Storm the heights by artillery fire; bring up the rocket apparatus, and get it into action against the enemy. This will prove an effective plan to drive out the rebels.

NOTE.—Arrange for detachments of (7) spies, messengers, etc.

(8.) Some Regiments could with advantage do some Company fighting.

Tuesday, 9th.

(9.) General parade of troops. Inspection of arms. Bring up supplies of provisions and ammunition. The King's command to His Soldiers will be specially read, and the duty of Soldiers in active service spoken upon by the various Commanders.

Wednesday, 10th.

(10.) Skirmishing parties to draw out the enemy will be sent out, followed by a retirement to your own lines, where the enemy will be engaged.

Thursday, 11th.

(11.) Great general engagements exactly on the same lines as Sunday night.

Friday, 12th.

(12.) Parade of Hospital Service Corps, and Inspection of Troops. An additional supply will be served out, and arms will be inspected.

(13.) Weak, invalid or wounded troops will be almost useless for active fighting. Every Soldier not in fighting trim, should receive medical treatment at the (14) Garrison Hospital. The best treatment in these cases, is washing the wounds in Calvary's Fountain, or burning out the bad flesh of (15) old wounds by fire, (the Holy Ghost.) Under this treatment the Great Physician will soon bring them to health, and the Balm of Gilead will restore them to order. This treatment should be followed up by plenty of exercise, in carrying out the duties, doing morning parade, and (18) light skirmishing. They will then soon be fit for active service again.

Saturday, 13th.

(19.) Skirmishing and advance preparatory to the general engagement to take place on the 14th March.

WANTED.—A FISHER.



"I ought to get saved—but not tonight!"
Moral is—Wanted—a Fisher.

PACIFIC.

SNATCHED FROM SATAN'S RANES.

C.O.'s—Captains Babbington, Lieut. Noble. War Cry, 170.

MISSOULA.—Since last night, four precious souls have been snatched from Satan's ranks and have been cleansed in the Fountain on Sunday morning. Holiness meeting, three Comrades out for Sanctification, Ensign Barr was with us on Thursday and Friday nights; sinners beginning to tremble, God's Spirit being felt in our midst.—Sec. J. H. Frost.

THE DEVIL TO BE ROUTED.

C.O.'s—Captain Morris, Lieut. Jublin. War Cry, 100.

LEWISTON, IDAHO.—Still at the front of the battle and determined to rout the devil. Saturday night one man started to lead a better life, and Sunday three souls sought more light and power. Willie Arnold is staying with us for a few days. He is the "Pacifier" of the Pacific Province and charms the people with his violin.

C.O.'s—Captain F. Burton, Lieut. Myers. War Cry, 150.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—Thank God for the wonderful victories He has given us. Seven souls have sought and obtained pardon for their sins. Everything is up to the up-grade; larger marches and larger crowds in the meetings. There is much conviction manifested in the meetings. B. Murchie.

ATTRACTED BY THE DRUM SMASHED HIS BOTTLE.

C.O.'s—Adjutant Phillips, Captain Moffatt. War Cry, 355.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Enrolment of recruits. Devilled tried by judge and jury: Soldiers' Zen Bar drunkard attracted from the saloon by the beating of the drum, followed the march to the Barracks, smashed his bottle, got gloriously saved. The devil is busy opening up all kinds of traps to ensnare the unwary; a number of saloons have made hails atached to them; license was refused them, but they still continue. Two backsliders sought forgiveness. Some of our Comrades got so happy they praised God with the dance. Quite a number of War Cry are sold in saloons Saturday nights. Mrs. Phillips is better.—Hubert.

AN OLD WARRIOR GONE.

C.O.'s—Adjutant Clark, Lieut. Miller. War Cry, 355.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Since last report, two souls have come out for Salvation. Adjutant Clark has arranged for a special meeting every Thursday night, led by various local lights. Last week B. Murchie led a musical and literary meeting, and this week the Sergeant-Major's wife and Sister A. Porter, a Musical Battle, the name was so happy they praised God with the dance. Quite a number of War Cry are sold in saloons Saturday nights. Mrs. Phillips is better.—Hubert.

Death has again taken one who once fought in our ranks, both as Officer and Soldier, ex-Captain Barker, who returned home from Toronto in very poor health over a year ago, has gone home to be with his Saviour. Her many Toronto friends will, we are sure, join their Victorian Comrades in praying that God will strengthen and comfort the bereaved ones.—A. E. R.

The Morning Glory Gold Mining Company of Vernon, has donated one hundred shares of their stock to the Victoria Rescue Home.

Those Upon Whom The Sorrow Fell.

A CHAT WITH AN OLD INDIAN
OFFICER.

"YOU SIKK," we explained, "everybody doesn't know about India as you do—in fact, there are hosts of people who are not acquainted at all with the kind of people upon whom this plague and famine has fallen. Do you think you could tell us something about them that would help to bring them nearer?"

Adjutant Burditt, the Officer addressed, thought he could—was well qualified to do so by seven years' service in that sunny land now so shadowed, during which he had lived and worked in some of the districts most stricken.

"Yes, the famine is a calamitous thing," he answered. "You see, nearly the whole population is dependent upon the land; their only hope is the harvest, and if the crops fail, there is nothing else for them to turn to. Starvation must be the result, for even a bare existence by begging is well-nigh impossible when the privation is so universal."

"No work and no food—dreadful! But are they always poor?"

"Always" was the answer. "Crowds of people in the villages of India have no regular thing only one meal a day, in one place where I was stationed, when there was no so-called famine on, the people have come to get hot water and begged to be given the water in which our rice was boiled."

"They will not have many home comforts," we imagined.

"Their houses are bare, save for the cooking utensils, and now and then a mat. The pots and plates are made of brass, and they keep them secured to brilliancy. They are quite the ornaments of their dark little huts."

We almost shuddered. "How awful these bright plates must have looked as they started to death in the famine!" we exclaimed.

"The famine has come at a bad time of the year, too," went on the Adjutant. "The Indian winter is very trying in many parts of the country. Though the sun still retains a great deal of its fierceness during the day, the nights are damp and piercingly cold. While the bitter wind howls round the little mud huts, the poor natives lie and shiver within. They wrap around their thin children, and use their turban as a pillow. Of course this is all right on the hot nights. I have often seen the same myself, and once on a stormy night, instead of the turban pillow, I used a bumpy stone."

Adjutant Burditt assured us that it did not. They were the most devoted, the most self-sacrificing soldiers, whose privation they might be used in before conversion, but this was nothing to the bitter persecution which they encountered when they cast the belief in their heathen fatherland behind them and started to serve as soldiers of the true God. Our "subject" grew more eloquent at this portion of the interview, and his fervent words were full of the truth. He told us the story of the self-denial and perseverance of his very first convert in India—now an officer of some years' standing.



A Street Scene in Bombay, India.

"Like Jacob," we interrupted—"but what must be the sufferings of such sleeping arrangements in the nights of chili!"

"Very painful! They have no money to keep extra clothes for the colder months, so must shiver in their thin muslins. Of course they have been used to a life of privation for generations, but when first little and then no food is obtainable, you can imagine the added nature of the suffering."

"How is it that such a state of continual distress is permitted?" we asked.

"Largely because it is not known. The native Government officials in many of the villages are most unscrupulous and keep back the real state of things from the knowledge of the European Government."

"This plague must be a fearful addition to the sufferings of the famine."

"It is a terrible scourge," said the Adjutant, "and attacking the people who they are already weakened by loss of food, it carries them off by hundreds. Indian papers tell us that the hospitals are like dead houses, for nearly all the patients are hopeless. In one week alone over one thousand three hundred died through its effects in Bombay. It spreads the faster owing to the difficulty with which the people understand the necessity for isolation. Why just before I left India, I was asked by a native mother to lay a hand of blessing upon the forehead of her child dying of small-pox. Whatever precautions are taken, this plague and famine must be of a terrible calamity to India's millions."

It might have been out of the province of the purpose of the interview, but we could not help remarking that we supposed that poverty and suffering proved no barrier to the sword of Salvation amongst them.

Adjutant Burditt assured us that it did not. They were the most devoted, the most self-sacrificing soldiers, whose privation they might be used in before conversion, but this was nothing to the bitter persecution which they encountered when they cast the belief in their heathen fatherland behind them and started to serve as soldiers of the true God. Our "subject" grew more eloquent at this portion of the interview, and his fervent words were full of the truth. He told us the story of the self-denial and perseverance of his very first convert in India—now an officer of some years' standing.

How they fight and pray, in the full raiment of a very thin but very cheap and very red uniform jacket, which we manage to supply them for about eight cents each, would take us too long to tell. But then, what might not be told of the possibilities stretching before our flag as it is uplifted in the darkest corners of Indian villages, where amid their poverty and frugal life, hundreds of dusky hearts are washed to whiteness and hundreds of simple lives are laid unreservedly at the feet of the Cross and the Colors—to be followed by the good Hand of our God upon these efforts by the transformation of hundreds, nay, thousands more.

But what has all this to do with an interview on the social prosperity of Indian villages? Nothing or—nothing!"

A. L. P.

That good man and staunch Army friend, Mr. Bell, of St. John's, Nfld., blessed the "Sailor Service Club" by a short visit a few days ago.

OUR WITNESS BOX.

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

GEORGE BRADLEY
Testifies in the Toronto Temple—Captain Turpin, a Headquarters Stenographer, Takes it Down for the War Cry.

I AM GLAD I'M SAVED!
One time I thought that I should be saved after I was dead and buried.

About this time I saw the Salvation Army. They appeared to me to be very faint in their ways, and far below my sphere.

I was struck by an announcement that the Salvation Army was going to lay Siege to Yorkville, and the first shot would be fired at the devil at 2:30 Sunday afternoon. This roused my curiosity, and sharp on time I was at the corner of Bloor and Yonge, where the attack was to commence.

Soon the "Procession" appeared on the scene, led on by ADJUTANT MAXTON, and it was a sight, considerably more than my poor nerves could stand.

Soon after this I went to the meetings. God took hold of me and showed me I was a sinner, and I started for home singing and singing I felt so bad in the meeting I got up to go out, when the Captain called out to me to come here and get saved.

Turning sharply around, I told him it was none of his business, and started out, but I heard him tell the Soldiers that I should be back again, and they must hang on by faith.

I had not gone very far when I was struck unconscious, and when I awoke I made up my mind to go back to the hull.

When I arrived at the door, the door-keeper thought I had better not come in, but I told him I must, and soon as I got in the Captain called out, "He's come back!"

After a little I yielded up to the striving of God's Spirit and got heartily saved. I started for home singing and dancing for joy, when a policeman called out to me, "What's up, Bradley?"

"Oh, bless the Lord I am saved!" and I started right off to preach my first sermon, and kept it up until some few years ago, when I allowed my soul to get cold and fell back. But I have proved that He is willing to restore to those that seek the joy and peace of their first love. Praise God!

COURT-MARTIALED

For "Praying to General Booth," by the King's Own Hussars.

SAYS PHILIPS COTTELL in "Under the Colors," Official Organ of the Salvation Army Naval and Military League:

A few years ago, Clubs were in existence called Hazing Clubs, each member of the club paying more than half of this week's pay to enable them to drink every night during the week their ill. Now, one of these clubs existed in my room for a considerable time (two years). At this particular time I was what is termed a Rook (recruit), so therefore was in possession of £100 per month, per month, so it was necessary for me to be in barracks about 3:30 p.m., at which time "knock out" was sounded with the hammer in the canteen. Now, the business of this club, as you will see, was to knock Salvation and General Booth out of me. I was particularly so, my prayers at 3:45 before going to bed the first night. I knelt down to pray, and the first moment I bent my knees I was struck from behind me. It was one of the finest built men in the club, who very soon carried me into an open blanket and called upon the club's president to read my crime, which he did with willing.

"E. C. P. Cottrill, 3rd K. O. Hussars, is hereby sentenced to be flogged."

"1st. Absenting himself without leave from the canteen."

"2nd. Refusing to comply with an order given by senior soldier to attend canteen."

"3rd. Finding in his barrack-room praying in the night."

"4th. Refusing to discontinue the above praying."

TRIAL.

"Finding. The Court finds the prisoner No. 325 Pte. E. C. P. C."

GUILTY.

of all the charges.

SENTENCE.

"The Court sentences the prisoner No. 325 Pte. E. C. P. C. to be flogged all night with chrome yellow and blue clay (the two mixed up together make a green paint) also to be shaken up (twelve times) in a sack, and to be kept in the hospital, to be strapped in bed until 5 a.m. next morning. After which he will be taken to the hospital, and washed all over. After this he may be released and watched."

Then came the clasp and sheers of these men during work hours. At night, though I did not feel very bright bodily, yet I could see Jesus smiling on me, seeing this had been the end of his sin.

In the evening I went to the S. A. Meeting in Dublin—went for a big blessing, and received more than I went for. Returned to my barracks at 9:45, my preparations for bed, prayed to God to help me, without intrusion. All went quiet until "knock out" sounded, and then, just as I was dozing off, I felt something was attached to my bed, which, after a close inspection, proved to be several long thin strips buckled together. Just as I was about to unfasten the straps, several men had made their way to my room, and were standing on my side door, leaving me in the dark with my bed and bedclothes as stated. I got up and looked into my room again, and ventured to go under the clothes once more, when I again felt my bed travelling at a snail's gait. Again I prayed God to help me. Bless His Name. He came to my assistance, and I was left to sleep in the centre of this large room.

Now these very same men, when sober, would do me any kindness in their power. God helped me very much through all, and that first time when they saw my determination to be true to God and the Salvation Army, my course was much mended.

God has kept me on as a Salvationist since that time until my regiment moved to Aldershot.

PTE. PHILIPS COTTELL,
3rd King's Own Hussars.

SELF-DENIAL ECHOES.

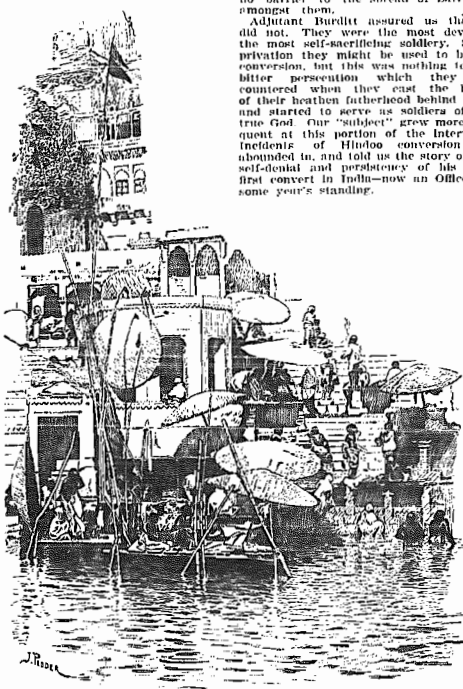
Amherst, N. S., report of \$130.00 should have been \$103 over last year's figure.

The West Ontario Province's total in \$125.25, an increase of \$62.77 over last year's total.

Whitby bravely raised \$44.55. The Central Ontario Province humbly bows your pardon for omitting this in their S. D. notes in a recent issue.

Later reports from British Columbia gives Victoria's total \$100. Vancouver \$23.50, and Nanaimo \$93. The total for the Pacific Province foots up to \$2,480.

The regular correspondents at Kingston reports that the horse of the Earl of Ontario about Mrs. Mitchell's horse deal. The horse was not sold for five dollars; it was disposed of otherwise.



A Corner on the River Ganges, India

TOD BY THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

Leonard Tyler, Soldier of the Rebellion, Finds
Salvation at Eighty-Two—Leonard wants
to Meet His Old Chums in the
"Great Beyond."

CAPTAIN STOKES and Lieutenant J. Tongue, pioneer Officers at Lisbon, North Dakota, writing the Editor, state:

"We have had a wonderful conversion in Lisbon here. We have only opened up the work here about three weeks, hardly that, and have had 80 souls. Hamanah. We have one dear old man, a veteran of the war. We have a sketch of his life enclosed. We are convinced it will do untold good. Fancy EIGHTY-TWO YEARS OF SIN, and NOW A SALVATION! Praise God! There are so many of the old soldiers of the rebellion here in North Dakota that the publication of this story will no doubt reach many, many hearts, and result in their conversion."

Leonard Tyler was born in North Andover, Essex County, Mass., U. S. A., in the year 1815. His father was a silversmith, and having a large family to support, Leonard, as soon as possible, had to put forth his young endeavors to keep the family exchequer from getting empty. He went farming for a short time, but tiring of that, chose silversmithing as a trade, and worked successfully at that for a while, when he turned his attention to blacksmithing, which he adopted as his permanent occupation. After he left his first situation he attended school for one winter, which was all the education he received. He travelled from one place to another, proving, as many another young man has done, that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Presently he got into business with a smuggling gang, and fitted out a boat to engage in the unlawful trade between the United States and Canada. He continued in this business for about twelve months, when some disturbances began to break out, known as the Patriotic War. As they were about to go into the port of the Chinquap, propelling their craft with muffled oars, they were challenged by soldiers on duty. It must be remembered that Captain S., leader of the crew, had drilled his men pretty well as to what to do in case of surprise like this.

"Who Comes There?" the Cry Rang Out.

Tyler answered "Friend," and they were ordered to come up to the wharf. By this time Captain S. had lowered himself into the water and escaped. They came up to the wharf, where they were held until next morning, when they were released on promising to leave Canada.

After this, he passed as far as Cincinnati, where he found an uncle who was engaged in the Southern liquor trade. He worked for him for some twelve months, and then made for home. While working for his uncle, he managed for the first time in his life to get drunk. Poor Leonard! About this time he began to think he would like a senarling life, and so he went to Salem, and one morning went to the wharf, where all the ships were moored. He decided to ship on the "St. Paul," and so began to retrace his steps to the Agent's office for that purpose. He decided to ship on an old friend, a blacksmith, who told him of a dream he had had twice in succession. He said that he had dreamed about that very ship, "St. Paul," that had been lost in a typhoon in the China Sea, and that nothing was ever heard of her afterwards. This made Leonard a little afraid, and eventually his friend managed to persuade him to go into the blacksmithing business with him at South Salem. Shortly after he started the papers recorded the loss of the "St. Paul" in the China Sea, and he says he has often thanked God for interceding and saving his life.

It was here that he was married. He had no work in the blacksmithing there with his wife. He worked here on the railroad for some time, but his wife was so delicate he moved once more to Salem, where his wife died.

After taking a voyage from New York to San Francisco, he thought he would like to try mining, so away.

He Went to the Northern Diggings.

He arrived there with a chum he met on the way. In prospecting and searching for about two weeks, with no result, they decided to go where there was some work to be had, Tyler believing that he could find some more gold than his chum, but he could die with his pick. However, in their journeyings over the mountains, they came upon some blazed trees, and out of curiosity they examined them more

closely and found that it said on them, "Three miles to Scott's Ditch." After a consultation they decided to go to Scott's Ditch, and see what was there. So they pressed on. Arrived there, they found men cutting trees for a dam across the stream for the purpose of supplying the miners below with more water. The miners invited them to supper, and they camped with that night. Next day Leonard hired with the "foreman" at \$3 a week, his partner concluding to push on to Sacramento. He worked in ditching for some time, when he went as blaster with increased salary.

His work here being finished, he started back to "Price, and pushed on to New York. He struggled on for some time,

God now at almost the close of his life, for having mercy upon him so long, and permitting him at last to know the joy and peace of a clean heart.

The story of his conversion is very simple. His granddaughter came to Jesus; in fact, was the first Army convert in Lisbon, and by her help he was enabled to see more clearly the wonderful love of Jesus. The next day after her conversion, the Captain took him some War Cry's he had promised, and while visiting him was able to point him to the blessed Saviour. Hallelujah!

Eighty-Two Years of Sin

placed behind his back! To-day he loves Jesus with all his heart, and his one determination is to be a true follower of the lowly Jesus. He has been the means of pointing other souls to Jesus since he came himself.

After training his guns and using his strength in fighting the enemy of his country, he has now managed, in the strength of Jehovah to bring them to bear on the forts of Darkness. His shots have taken effect, and the strongholds of Sin and the Devil are being torn down. He says he has stood by the cannon's mouth and braved the fire from the guns of the enemy, but this Christian light is THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE. Already he has brought one dear sinner to Christ, although it is impossible for him to get out to meetings of any kind.

He is the oldest "soldier of the Rebellion" in Lisbon, and wishes all his brother warriors and old comrades of the war to join him in turning their guns on the ramparts of hell and devilism. He

Time. Large congregation at night; we had three out at the pentecost; two for Salvation, and one for the blessing of a clean heart. Glance Bay is an opportunity, and the Salvation Army is getting a good hold of the place, and has a great amount of sympathy from outsiders.

Sydney Mines

We spent a night here with Captain Piercy and Lieutenant Downey. They were very friendly, and the Army is getting a good hold of the place, and has a great amount of sympathy from outsiders.

Sydney

Monday night was spent here with Captain Goodwin, McIntosh, and People. Large crowd in Barracks. We had a very enthusiastic meeting. \$50.00 at the door, and best of all, one good case of conversion. Sydney is much improved, and those who knew it a couple of years ago would hardly know it now. Captain Goodwin is the right officer in the right place, and we prophesy a blessed career in his new appointment.

Our Prisoner has got well hold of the "Capo Bona" and with his disinterested heart, is pushing ahead for victory.

Stellarton

was our next stopping place. Found great preparations had been made. Hand-rend supper had been provided. Nice crowd gathered. The Officers from New Glasgow, Adjutant McGillivray, and Brass Band came. The Officers, Captain Matheson and Lieutenant Young, are hard-working and plodders, and God will reward them for their faithfulness.

Truro

We found Captains Newell and Wilson and Lieutenant McIntosh had been looking forward to our visit with great eagerness, advertising and announcing it well. Nice crowd gathered. Unfortunately no souls were saved. Truro is a splendid opportunity. We have had a splendid there, but we are hoping yet to have better times in the place.

Sussex

Had a good time at Sussex. Nice congregation. Great expectancy. God came and blessed us. Captain Lamont is all alone, yet all for God is with him. He holds the reins.

St. John II.

In company with Mrs. Puzmire and family, and Captain Whitaker, with her band, fairly good time. Collections doubled. Congregations increased, and we believe soldiers and people blessed and helped. Captain Brechin and Lieutenant Puzmire are plodding along, and God is blessing them. Bertie and Myrtle Puzmire sang a duet, and Ernest sang with his parents. "Bro the sun goes down." The Chancellor and Cashier spent the Sunday at Carleton, where Captain McLean and Lieutenant Bell are holding court.

God is prospering us throughout the Province. At Fairville and Kentville, where for a time things have been very hard, soldiers report souls, great conviction. Right at the latter place have sought Salvation. More anon.

Yours plodder on,
J. S. PUGHIE,
Provincial Officer.

A MOVE ON.

C.O.'s—Captain S. McDonald, 180 War Cry. Lieut. Rodgers. WOODSTOCK, N. D.—We are moving on from this Corps. Have had a visit from Captain Steper. Nine souls were added to the ranks during the last meetings. Everybody in for victory. J.

SEVENTY SINNERS SAVED.

C.O.'s—Ensign and Mrs. Edwards, Lieut. Hayman. 372 War Cry. FREDERICTON—Seventy souls have sought Salvation, and thirty rest added to the ranks during the last three months. Our meetings are well attended and the interest very good all round.

KNEE-DRILLS ON THE RISE.

C.O.'s—Adjutant Creighton, Lieut. McIntyre. 490 War Cry. HALIFAX I.—The Lord is helping us to go on to victory. Sunday morning we had a very good meeting. 151 souls since last report.—Sundry Cnshs.

ALRIGHT, SEND US A ROOSTER.

C.O.'s—Ensign Hendricks, Captain Prince, Lieut. Coolen. 250 War Cry.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Self-Def. I. Thanksgiving War Cry said we. I didn't observe the roster at the head of our space. If you're short of roosters, we'll send you one. Enclosure of Local Officers last week—17 of them, and more to follow. Treasurer, Secretary, Special Correspondent, Junior Sergeant War Cry, Able and Deaf, and 17 of them, and more to follow. Ensign Hendricks has visited Winslow and Summerside. God bless the Ensign War Cry. I'll tell you some things we are waiting expectantly for:

The 16-page War Cry. Verse from Major and Mrs. Puzmire. 100 extra copies of "Sin Chain Revolver," and more souls in the Fountain. There now, don't rejoice, and I'll tell you the rest next time—H.



LEONARD TYLER,

Converted at Lisbon, on February 28th, 1897, after living for 82 years in sin, and spending thousands of dollars in self-gratification.

In this and other cities, until he found himself in Jameville. Here he followed his business of blacksmithing, keeping himself posted on the Rebellion which had commenced at this time.

He stuck at the force, and he could stand at the present time. In November 1863, he had a stroke of paralysis, which partially destroyed his memory, hearing and also speech.

Now, after his eventful eighty-two years of sin and sorrow, and hard times, he has found Jesus. If he had only known of Jesus long ago, how different his life might have been. But he praises

Presented Himself to the Recruiting Officer.

was accepted and served in the 2nd Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers during the war. After the war he went home and was an invalid for two months, not able to do a stroke of work. When able to get around he purchased a farm and went to work on it. Here his second wife died, and poor Tyler was distressed, not knowing which way to turn for succour and help to bring up and rear his young family, so he put them out into different families to be taken care of.

After that he went to sea, and sailed one or two voyages, and then came back to Jameville. He applied for a pension which was at the present time. In November 1863, he had a stroke of paralysis, which partially destroyed his memory, hearing and also speech.

Now, after his eventful eighty-two years of sin and sorrow, and hard times, he has found Jesus. If he had only known of Jesus long ago, how different his life might have been. But he praises

knows that in the strength got from above they will gain the day. Otherwise, he says, he can have no hope of greeting them in the great beyond.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

P. O. and Chancellor Visit Cape Breton.

Large Meeting in Royal Albert Hall, North Sydney—Souls Saved.

North Sydney.

IN COMPANY with Chancellor I visited North Sydney, Cape Breton. My first meeting in the town was for Soldiers only. Had a rattling time with them. Found them spirited, and full of expectancy for good times during our stay here, and the following night it has been announced I should give a sketch of our Social operations, especially emphasizing the Slum Work of London. Large crowd gathered together. Some of the leading people of the town present. They seemed to take in all we had to say regarding this mighty, God-raised movement.

Glance Bay.

Sunday was spent here. Very good

WEDDING

OF
STAFF-CAPTAIN SMEETON
AND
CAPTAIN MARTIN
BY THE
FIELD COMMISSIONER,
AT
Toronto Temple, March the 9th.

COMMISSIONER'S TOUR OUT WEST.

FORT ARTHUR, Friday, March 19.
WINNIPEG, Sunday and Monday, March 21 and 22.
FARGO, Wednesday, March 24.
JAMESTOWN, Thursday, March 25.
BUTTE, Sunday and Monday, March 28 and 29.
HELENA, Wednesday, March 31.
MISSOULA, Thursday, April 1.
SPOKANE, Sunday and Monday, April 4 and 5.
VICTORIA, Thursday, April 8.
VANCOUVER, Sunday and Monday, April 11 and 12.

WAR CRY

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

THE GREAT GRIEF and disappointment of her friends, Soldiers, and Officers, the Field Commissioner was prevented by sickness from fulfilling her appointment at the Temple on Sunday. The attack was hastened on, no doubt, by Miss Booth's action the previous Thursday, when, rather than disappoint the audience who assembled for public work, she made her way to the front and for sixty minutes poured forth her heart's feelings on behalf of sinners. From that meeting the Commissioner retired to her room, from which she has not since been able to move, although we rejoice to say that at the time of writing our brave and beloved leader is decidedly improving. It is written of our blessed Lord that "He saved others, Himself He could not save," and the Field Commissioner is following in the track of her Lord, refusing to consider the righteous claims of a much over-wrought physical frame, so intent is she on securing the Salvation of souls and spreading the Kingdom of the Redeemer, even though she herself be consumed in the undertaking. There is no need to ask for prayer or sympathy, the Commissioner has that from all who know her, and many are the enquiries concerning her from all classes of citizens as they see us in the streets of Toronto, the Headquarters' City. We believe that God will graciously restore His handmaid, and we are very hopeful that our next issue will record another of those days of power and glory for which the Commissioner's Campaigns are noted.

AWAKE!

(Feb. 28 to April 28 THE SIEGE—Feb. 28 to April 28.)

OUR Frontispiece branches its own sermon on its face. Christianity, as introduced into the world by its Divine Author, outshines all other systems of religion as the sun outshines the flicker of the old-fashioned rush-light, but that Divine Light, as seen to-day by the world, is dimmed and blurred by the sordid-sudden medium through which it struggles to reach a perishing race. The Church of Christ is the most beautiful thing on earth. She has, in a sense, already saved the world. Without her, chaos would have reigned, and the race become half beast, half devil, but she is asleep! ASLEEP! ASLEEP! ASLEEP! amongst the peoples of her greatest triumphs, where her beams should the

brightest, she has permitted the Adversary to sow such seeds of selfishness and darkness that men have questioned her Divine origin or doubted her barrenness and unfaithfulness.

Thank God who can awake, and if who will can sweep the crying enormities of an overgrown Belhemoth from off the face of the earth. Her Lord came to save the world; she is to blame that He has been thwarted in His most loving purposes. Let her awake, unite and ADVANCE! Let the Salvation Army—enrolled of God to APOSTLESHIP amongst the nations in this nineteenth century—AWAKE!!! Let the Soldiers of the Salvation Army in this Territory—specially furnished during the two months' Siege with opportunities that angels might envy—AWAKE!!! Let there be such a CHARGE, such a SWEEP, such a CAPTURE, such a SHOUT, such a VICTORY, such a GIVING GLORY TO GOD as has not been known for many a day. On! On! On!!! holy and beloved Comrades, to the FIGHT, to the VICTORY, and finally to the REIGNING WITH HIM IN GLORY.

(The Siege, February 28th to April 28th.)

ALL AT IT!

At What? The Siege.

BY COLONEL JACOBS.

THE SIEGE OF THE LOST to every Soldier of the Salvation Army, should mean individual effort, the principle of reproduction carried into practice, the duty of one Soldier to make another Soldier, every possible effort to be made to bring every one of Christ's present followers into active service. This may appear for the moment as something new. The details of the Campaign, which have been supplied to each Officer, are, without a doubt, new, and have been brought forth to their present state by the carefully thought-out and current toll of the Field Commissioner. The principles of the Sieges are no new. This was Christ's own idea, and also His command, that we were to make disciples of all nations. It was practised by the disciples when Jesus was upon earth.

We find in the first chapter of the Gospel by St. John, that Jesus came to John, and John in his turn bears record of Jesus. John then puts forth individual

at home, and in these two months' SIEGE OF THE LOST, every Soldier should begin first at home, seeking their own brothers and sisters. It may be a very great Cross, but it is a cross. Andrew took up the cross and brought his brother, Simon Peter, to the Master. It is hardly necessary for me to say much about Peter's reference to his great sermon on the day of Pentecost, and his subsequent labors for the Master, in so much to convince us that he carried out the principle of making others into Soldiers for his Lord and Master; and that 50 great was the number of his soldiers. It became necessary for him to send them small books of orders, called the Epistles of Peter, carefully written orders, regarding their character, their conduct, and their warfare.

We also find in the same chapter, (John 1:43) that Jesus went into Galilee, and finding Philip, said unto him, "Follow Me!" Philip immediately followed Him and became a Soldier for Jesus straight away. With others he is recognized as belonging to the despised class. In the same verse, we find Philip—true to the principle of every soldier—

MAKING ANOTHER SOLDIER;

he findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the Prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth," and Nathanael came to see Jesus.

If these principles are carried into effect, they will not take long before the world would be brought to God. Suppose, for example, there were only 10,000 soldiers in the Territory, and during the next two months they could make another Soldier, this would make 20,000; then in their turn during the next two months they each make a Soldier, and the work went on, making a Soldier every day. By the end of June, 1896, there would be over five millions of Soldiers made. With all at it and always at it, this could be accomplished.

HIGH DAY AT THE TEMPLE.

The Chief Secretary and Headquarters Staff to the Front.

Impressive Speaking Splendid Congregations—Powerful Conversations.

In the compulsory and deeply regretted absence of the Field Commissioner, Miss Booth, Colonel Jacobs, assisted by the Staff of the Territorial and Provincial Headquarters, led the day's attack at the Temple, Toronto on Sunday last.

The congregations were excellent, both in numbers and attention at every service. There was much good speaking, praying and singing by those assisting the Colonel, but the main attack was made by the Colonel himself. Bible in hand, he took his stand for God and Truth, pouring such broadsides of Salvation shot and shell into the enemy's ranks as created consternation, and in some cases powerful conversions to Christ. The Temple Soldiery were delighted and the Chief's next appearances will be eagerly looked for. Four persons in the morning and three at night knelt at the penitential-form and cried to God for His Salvation, but very many of those who did not yield were mightily taken hold of by the pointed and powerful truths uttered.

JOHN COMPLAIN.

A Temple Soldier, who is a member of some fraternal society, was called to respond to a toast at a meeting recently held. He refused, and was then urged to sing a song, whereupon he will die Army holiness meeting song, to the amazement and chagrin of the toasters.

If your "last will and testament" is made and you have not bequeathed anything to the Salvation Army, you had better change it, and give them a bit of money, to help enter their blessed work of the world as they are being called to happen, and Jesus will smile sweeter at you when He sees you entering the parable of the talents. Make it in the Commissioner's name.

A SPECIMEN OF THE LEAGUE OF MERCY WORK.

WEEKLY REPORT.

Ottawa, Month ending Friday, Nov. 27, 1896.

1. What Hospitals have you visited this month? 4 Hospitals, 4 Homes, 4 Orphans.
2. What Prisons have you visited this month? 2.
3. How many Meetings have you led? 1.....Helped in 1.....
4. " People did you Read to? 132. I read to every person who is willing to hear.
5. How many people did you Pray with? 148. I pray aloud to all who allow me.
6. How many people did you Talk to? 108. People on my way to the Homes who are in need of pain.
7. How many times did you visit the Police Court? 1.....
8. " Prisoners sent to S. A.? 1.....
9. " Ex-Prisoners' Homes visited? 2. I read and pray.
10. " Discharged Prisoners met? 1.....
11. " Meetings have you attended in connection with the League of Mercy? 1.....
12. How many Souls professed to get Saved? 3.—2 in the Hospital, 1 Home (since died).
13. How many Letters have you written for Prisoners or Patients? 7.
14. " Women have you Helped? 2.
15. " " found Situations for? 1.....
16. " War Cry received? 145.
17. " given away? 1.....In Hospitals? 1.....In Prisons? 1..... I give the Cry to all who will read them.
18. How much Money Collected for War Cry? Not any—a collection is taken in the Barracks.

REMARKS.

I am 58 years old, and in a situation. I go two afternoons every week to the Hospital, Orphans' Home, and Aged Women's Home. They are so pleased to see me and have the Cry. I have to pay my own car fare, or walk nearly four miles. I sell War Cry and help all I can in my Saviour's work. He has done great things for me. I am sweetly saved and trusting Him all the time. I have a diary of my work. I can send you accounts every month.

Signed MARY JANE DENISON.

THE LEAGUE OF MERCY.

God bless our Mercy Leaguers. Look at the accompanying fac-simile of a month's work by one of the rank and file of this Army, and you will thank God with us for the blessed work which is being done by this branch of the Social Wing. In no less than twenty-eight cities and towns do our precious Comrades, Soldiers, as well as Officers, brighten and bless the lives of the sick, sorrowing and suffering by their weekly visits, and a present of the War Cry. Only those who languish on beds of affliction or suffer an enforced confinement otherwise can really appreciate the blessing and joy of the League of Mercy visitors' coming and the gift of the War Cry.

effort with two of his own disciples (John 1, 25-36). "And looking upon Jesus as He walked, he said, 'Behold the Lamb of God.'" These two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus. They were disciples of John, but now they had become the disciples of Jesus. One of these disciples who had heard John speak was Andrew, Simon Peter's brother. Andrew drew a disciple of Jesus—a following, a servant, the word servant signifying a slave; and he was known as a BROTHER OF JESUS, and still later as a BROTHER OF THE GOSPEL. He was the duty of Andrew to enlist some one else to follow the Christ. True to this principle (verse 4) "he findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him,

"WE HAVE FOUND THE MESSIAS," which is, being interpreted, the Christ; and he brought him to Jesus." Andrew began among his own household—began

Preaching: Salvation: Successes

IN TORONTO.

FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH COMMENCES HER SECOND SOUL-SAVING CAMPAIGN.

A Day of Prolonged Triumphs—Scenes of Delight—Soldiery Full of Fight—Magnificent and Representative Congregations—Sympathy, Interest, Enthusiasm Unbounded—Twenty-Two at the Penitent-Form.

SUNDAY MORNING.

IT WAS A LOVELY MORNING! The sun shone brightly upon the glistening snow; the air was fresh and crisp. Hopes were bright—faith ran high for a day of blessing and Salvation, and we were not disappointed. A good crowd of warriors turned up to the morning open-air. It was a good time. The Staff Band, leading this procession, as we marched through the streets to the Temple. Inside a large audience had already gathered, and numbers more were rapidly passing into the Jubilee Hall, nearly filling it.

Colonel Jacobs gave out the opening hymn, and "Let us sing of His love once again," went with a swing. The Commissioner, who had been closely engaged on important business until nearly midnight on Saturday, entered the Hall during the singing of the opening song, and was heartily received with a ringing volley, and many kind expressions of love and confidence were heard. Major Reed prayed that we might be made all we need be, followed by a song prayer, which the Commissioner urged all to lift to the height of their voices. Mrs. Major Howell then voiced our desires, as she petitioned the Throne asking that "every branch not bearing fruit" might be taken away.

Staff-Captain Munroe, in speaking of the meetings, said that they were going to be a great thawing time, to which we all agreed. English Kenning soloed, and the chorus, "Calvary's stream is flowing so freely" rang out again and again.

The Commissioner arose, Bible in hand, and in commencing, said she wished we could have more "tea-table talks." She would like that morning's meeting to be something like that, where we could talk about our difficulties and troubles, and then bring them to God. Speaking upon the subject of prayer, the Commissioner remarked that there was much asking, because there were many needs, and to whom, she asked, could we turn, but to Jesus? No heart need hesitate to gather up its needs and bring them to Him. Ah, there is an abundant asking, where there is a too hasty turning away before the answer is given; like Pilate, when he asked Jesus, "What is truth?" yet went out of the Judgment Hall before the answer was given. "This is the reason of so much fatal weakness—small courage and little doing."

"Can you know the triumph of the Apostles' zeal?" cried the Commissioner. "Certainly, God is great to answer our prayers and supply our needs—baptize us with power and make us strong to do His will, but we must walk in the way He points out."

"Where are the People who Fight?"

"Are you in the regiments of God?" "Do you reprove the wrong, or are you going with the stream? If so, halt! Turn the stream from your eyes—baptize yourself. Have you the name of being a Soldier, and have nothing to do with the battle?" "We want to go to God's wars, but we are too small—and bigger hearts. Great hearts never fail to make great heads. It is great hearts that make men. Do you cherish a doubt or an uncertainty. Controversy makes wreck and ruin to scores of souls. God calls to us to obey—He does not call to us to fight." The Holy Ghost was working.

Tears rolled down many cheeks as the Commissioner, divinely inspired, eloquently pleaded with the congregation for unconditional surrender of body, mind and soul. The final appeal was tender, impassioned, powerful. At 12:30 a most volunteeered to the Penitent-Form, amid shouts of glory. Colonel Jacobs took the reins of the Prayer-Meeting; more singing—more faith; then a brother and sister knelt side by side. It was a beautiful sight! Others urged to have come. However, the meeting closed, and numbers were rejoicing over the three who had found liberty, and with increased faith for the meetings to follow.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

A powerful open-air—a swinging march, headed by the Staff Band, preceded the indoor meeting. A splendid audience, thoroughly representative in character, had already gathered, among whom were a number of prominent citizens, besides ministers and students, who evidenced the greatest sympathy and interest in the whole meeting, especially in the Commissioner's address.

Colonel Jacobs opened the proceedings, and "I've found a Friend in Jesus" was sung with great vigor. Major Howell led in prayer. Then the Commissioner's voice was heard singing one verse of that grand old song, "We you go." After Adjutant Pearce had prayed, Dot soloed "Climbing up the golden stairs to Glory," the chorus of which was heartily taken up by the crowd, and sang with great enthusiasm. The collection was then taken. The Staff Band played, and then the Commissioner—largo in hand—sang most touchingly and sweetly that charming song, with the chorus, "Jesus His name to me." The attention was almost breathless. Tears filled many eyes, and

who would come to Him and ask Him. "Oh!" cried she, "poor sinner, backslider—you cannot take the Master—Jesus—into the Saloon, into the Theatre, and into places of sin—you are at a disadvantage. You can take the Master in my daily life now. He is my all and in all here, and will take me to His Home, where He will be 'all in all' forever there."

She said that no people had stronger claims upon her love and life than the people of Toronto. Therefore she pleaded for their souls. This she did in pointed, powerful language.

"The great audience was visibly moved, and deep was the conviction as she rilled the inspired questions: "Where have you laid your joy, or strength, or life, or purity, or virtue?" "Where did you sacrifice your hope of Heaven?" "Come back to God!" No name is given where men can be saved, but His glorious name.

The Commissioner sat down, and the prayer meeting began. Although none yielded to the invitation to come to the Penitent-Form, scores went away resolving to live better, nobler lives in the future than they had done in the past.



ADJUTANT AND MRS. BURDETTE.

In charge of the Temple Corps, Toronto. He is at the No. 1 Corps of the Territory, and she is an old Canadian Officer. Colonel Freeman was saved by a song she sang, "O! let me think of Jesus love."

coursed their way down rugged cheeks. The Commissioner followed, with her Bible reading and address, which was closely listened to with the deepest interest.

It would be useless attempting to put into cold print the burning words that fell from her lips. It really was a wonderful exposition of Bible truth, and a divinely-inspired appeal to that already Holy Ghost-moved audience.

Her Theme was Jesus—His Love

—His sympathy—His power. She remarked that many sorrows and calamities overtook us, because Christ was not in the life. She described in thrilling language to many things that people allow to occupy their minds, to the damage of their souls. No use weeping over lost treasures, go to the Cross. That is the place where relief and comfort are to be found. She told the story of her own seeking for him, and when the Commissioner asked him why he wished her especially to pray for him, he said, because he knew she had "A strong pull on up there," meaning she was in touch with God. It was a wonderful stirring part of her address where she launched out in praise of the glorious Master upon whom she could rely—telling of His ability—His nearness. He could restore—give back harmony and Heaven to those

"Remember you cannot retain riches always. Nothing we brought into the world and we can take nothing out. You may make wealth, reputation, friends, but you cannot keep them. It is impossible to get through the Custom House of Death with baggage. No duty or possessions then. They will all be left behind; not even those whom we love the most can we keep."

And then came the beautiful description of the Commissioner's sainted mother's triumphant death. "She was both in tears, as she told how the family, with tearful eyes and broken voices, gathered around that death-bed, and sang Mrs. Booth across the River."

"Shall You Die Like that—In Peace?"

"What struggles has the sinner—what dying struggles with haunting, mocking memory! Ah! I fancy the death-bed is a birth-place, and that memories long to see dead, live again. Live to show the vivid reality of long-forgotten wrongs and sins committed. Oh! sin is for you in this life. Your friend, but in death it will be your bitterest enemy, and its presence with you will be the damning evidence against you in your dying hour and at the Judgment. Through it you have chances of every now—of Salvation now. In this house of God, make your peace with Him. He waits and longs to save you!"

For fifty minutes that vast audience was held by a Divine power. Conviction was deep and real. A solemn silence pervaded the meeting, as the Commissioner drew her address to a close, and then, well-nigh exhausted, she handed over the prayer-meeting into Colonel Jacobs' hands.

The Chief Secretary piloted that Prayer-meeting in fine style. He went into the business with desperate earnestness. There are no half-measures with him. Over and over again he said, "Oh, Lamb of God, I come, I come." The first to respond to the invitation was a volunteer, then after the others came, and seven were kneeling at the Mercy-Seat. Then the Colonel went fishing. The General Secretary took hold—more stinging and prayer. But the high—the Commissioner manipulates her concertina. We all clapped our hands and shouted glory for No. 8, quickly followed by similar expressions of delight as Nos. 3, 10, and 11 made their way to the Penitent-Form. Glory be to God! Things are at boiling pitch. It is now 1:45. The Commissioner has come among the congregation fishing. Who can believe for the 12th? Up goes a picture of hundreds and out rolls a mighty "Amen!" "And yet He will they sing forgive." It sung while No. 12 and 13 make their way out. Everybody is in good spirits, except the sinners and backsliders. Then we pray and sing for those who are kneeling at the Mercy-Seat. No. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. The whole day was a prolonged triumph, and although we felt weary in body, we were rejoicing in spirit, and with praise upon our knees, voiced our desires. After Staff-Captain Hargreaves, of Kingston, had prayed, Mrs. Hargreaves sang a

NIGHT MEETING.

If the two meetings that preceded it were good, the night's meeting was SIN-GLY SUPERB. The Commissioner was filled with a magnificent audience, whose attention and kindly interest was even more pronounced than in the earlier meetings. Staff-Captain Munroe opened with a song from the Cry. Adjutant Manton prayed for blessing on the meeting, followed by a song appeal to the unsaved by Dot, the platform joining in the chorus, "Oh, give way, sinner." Staff-Captain Watson then prayed. English Kenning soloed, then came the collection, during which the Staff Band excelled itself in playing, while the chorus, "Growned with thorns I see Thee," was softly whispered in song with telling effect by the Bandmen.

The Commissioner, though very weary with the heavy meetings, rose and sang with much sweetness and power, "No hiding place that day."

Following this came the Bible-reading and address.

Burning words fell thick and fast from the Commissioner's lips, as she described in vivid language the uncertainty of earth's treasures, friends and favors. "No time to think of religion!" she cried; "Do not be so wrapped up in money-making as to lose your soul."

THURSDAY NIGHT'S MEETING.

Preceded by an effective open-air and march came the fourth meeting of the Commissioner's Campaign. A splendid church assemblage in the Temple completely filling the ground floor, "The Evil Legend," was the opening song, led by the Chief Secretary. Adjutant Moore prayed and sang, "Oh, my Salvation," and sang upon our knees, voiced our desires. After Staff-Captain Hargreaves, of Kingston, had prayed, Mrs. Hargreaves sang a

solo with much feeling. The offering was taken up, during which the Staff Band sang well, telling that the audience clapped their hands in appreciation. Ensign Jennings soloed, and the chorus, "I am glad to be persecuted for Jesus' sake," by the Commissioner, who though suffering great weakness, heroically rose to address the meeting.

Her voice was rather weak and unsteady at the onset, but she was soon lost in her subject, and her pathos and fervor carried her straight into the crowd. The breathless interest and attention was especially marked, as she proceeded, and her voice seemed to gather strength. Referring to her subject, she remarked that the pathos of an invitation was not in the words, but in the person to whom it was addressed—meaning the Backsiders. "What an awful thing—having once loved and known God, to be forgetful of His mercies and unminful of His blessings!"

Disobedience was the First Cause of Going Back.

At this moment some of the pointed words of the Commissioner were exceedingly telling. She said that some folk were always going about with a spite they may blame, they will have to face their own actions and sins. The great question is not whether they are backsliders, but "are they backsliders?" Alas! many who ought to have stood firm and gone forward to fight, had just returned from a trip round the District. They were with praying parents and godly homes—rocked in the cradle of prayer and love, and their first love! The Commissioner then told a story of a man who came to God in rage and rancor, drunken and full of sin, but who God blessed and prospered him, but he disobeyed, and now, instead of serving Him, was rebelling against Him.

It is impossible to describe the effect of those burning words upon the audience, as she closed her address, and pleaded with the backslider to "come home" again.

The Commissioner sat down exhausted. Colonel Jacobs sprang into the breach, and conducted the singing in his well-known vigorous style. Songs and prayers followed; faith rose high, here they come—our dear first love!

The prayer-meeting was a splendid sight, and it is hard to describe the effect of those burning words upon the audience, as she closed her address, and pleaded with the backslider to "come home" again.

The Commissioner held up before that crowd a mirror as it were, in which they saw themselves afresh, especially those who had gone back from joy, from peace, from heaven.

The truth cut deep, and the seed sown will appear again bearing abundant fruit.

Captain Turbin also describes the meeting as follows:

"A time of blessing and power. One that not only appealed to the Backslider, but was so interwoven with illustrations of descriptive power, that made the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

MAJOR GASKIN.

THE BATTLE OF THE BAY.

The "Blue Sky Lady" of Snoker Creek Reserve—The Central Provincial Officer Talks of His Northern Trip.

HIE P. O.'s, two weeks' tour up the North had been a very interesting one. The Commissioner, who found the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

ward times at Sudbury had driven most of the people out of town; we had a very good time, nevertheless, and put in our night at the Hotel (Sticks) and singing up that way is all the rage. They have found coal and gold, and next summer, no doubt, will see a big boom. There is a good time coming.

We had a grand time at LITTLE CREEK. The Commissioner, who found the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

and five others. Four souls were saved and income very good.

The meetings at the SOO were a good success. Two souls came out and sought salvation. My 17-year-old son was on Sunday night. Half filled and many turned away. There was a debt on the Corps, which bothered the Officers quite a lot, and with the meeting of God this was wiped off.

Put in one night at Huntsville. Had a good meeting and two souls. Captain and Mrs. Crawford are doing very well.

Bracebridge is in very good shape. We had a grand march and platform well filled. One soul came out in our meeting. The crowd was good. Adjutant and Mrs. Bradley had just returned from a trip round the District. They were very much encouraged and full of hope for the future.

Ensign Taylor and Captain Lord, of Sudbury, have had a very hard pull the last couple of days, but the people and Soldiers moving away.

The Magistrate told me at LITTLE CREEK that since the Army had opened there, they had not had any in the jail there for over a year, and that he had thought of asking the purchase money for the Army for Quarters and Barracks.

Whiskey bottles used to be found all over the ground on Sunday afternoon, but now none can be found.

The Provincial Officer had a meeting on the Indian Reserve on Sunday afternoon and had a good turn-out.

Fourteen souls got saved at Bracebridge last Sunday.

A splendid work is going on at Newmarket. Fifty souls since Christmas.

Lieutenant Osler, of the SOO, and Lieutenant Dales, of Little Creek, have changed appointments.

The Indians at Snoker Creek Reserve have christened the Officers of Little Creek: Captain Clark, O-Shuh-Vush-Ro-Zhe-Gu-Qua, meaning "Old Sky Lady"; and Mr. Neesh-Nee-Gub-Buh-Wu-Qua, meaning "Lady of iron rank."

Hamilton is booming ahead fine. Toronto is still on the up-grade.

North Bay friends and Soldiers surprised the Officers by presenting them with a sofa.

The Provincial Officer helped the SOO out of debt during his visit.

Lindsay has quite a revival of late.

Ahmed Harbor has had a good move on.

Several souls are reported from Collingwood.

Most encouraging reports to hand from all round. Hallelujah!

MAJOR HOWELL,

Provincial Officer.

Muskoka and Parry Sound for Jesus.

A Trip Round the District.

We have just finished a trip round the district, driving over 100 miles. Thank God, we met a lot of friends, and saw Captain and Mrs. Crawford are at Huntsville. Here we met with friends of twelve years ago. The Commissioner, who found the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

Next morning, with the thermometer at zero, we started for "The Mac," as some familiarly call it, where we found Captain Barker and his wife. We were met by some comrades from Ahmed Harbor. A meeting had been announced for that night in the Methodist Church, and we had a beautiful time. The place was full, my attention was given, and God was with us in His mercy and blessing. No doubt, we will have a lot of new converts. He a good work there yet. The Minister was kindness itself, gave a good personal testimony, and a lot of help in our collection, which helped us considerably. The people here are wonderfully taken up with the Salvation Army, and warm up the people here. Mrs. Tully, Brother Carlton's sister, was most kind in providing for our necessities. Her mother, a dear old lady of 72

years, has lately been averted; she was a tobacco-smoker, but was now delivered instantly from the habit. Hallelujah!

After meeting, another drive over hill and dale, finishing up at a friends' place, where we enrolled about 12 Soldiers, Seniors and Juniors, and commissioned Junior Soldiers. Sergeant-Major of the 3rd War Cry Sergeant. God has crowned the efforts of our comrades at this place with great success. The platform was jam full of Soldiers and Converts, and the beautiful new Barracks was almost like herring-bone. The comrades here have suffered a good deal of persecution. We pray fervently that their faith will stand the test. The Commissioner, who found the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

Off again, this time bound for Parry Sound, stopping on the way at our good friends, the Howells, who were warm and welcomed. Adjutant visiting the old people next door and getting to the Sound ready and in time for tea. Captain and Mrs. Dodge are in the city. The Commissioner, who found the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

They have a hard fight, caused mostly because they have no help. If a hall could be hired, there is nothing to hinder a great work for God being done. We are sorry to find Mrs. Duke fur from well. We had good meetings on Sunday, and a very good one on Monday night, when two came out of clean hearts and one for Salvation. The Commissioner, who found the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

Brother and Sister Rogers have a little daughter, a Junior, and his mother is also praying for Grandson Solo, not yet saved, and so near the grave.

For my drive next day leaves us pretty tired, but our hearts are wonderfully cheered to hear of about 15 souls out of the home corps for the week. To God be all the glory.

I should not omit to say that our dear comrades, ex-Captain Jacobs, has got a new teacher supplied up near his place, and since then they have had halcyon times in soul-saving together. To God be all the glory. Brother Jacobs and his dear wife are very happy in their land.

Yours faithfully,

EMILY BRADLEY.

ONEHOURS' ANNUAL BANQUET.

C.O.'s—Captain Mitchell.

Lieutenant Titus. War Cry 70

Annual banquet grand success, Sunday, led by Mrs. Major Howell, Monday night by Adjutant and Mrs. Andrews. Petrol Band present following Sunday night.

"GOD SAVE ME."

C.O.'s—Captain and Mrs. Wynn. War Cry, 135.

COLLINGWOOD—Man cried from back of hall with both hands up, "God save me," then lieutenant in the platform, where he went on account of his sins. God set him free—Captain and Mrs. Wynn.

GOING WITH A RUSH.

C.O.'s—Adjutant and Mrs. McLean.

Captain Hamilton. War Cry, 33.

HAMILTON I.—We have just had a rounding up of about 100 souls, and SOULS SEEKING SALVATION and sanctification.

We are preparing for a BIG ENROLLMENT Monday next. A large number of the converts are coming along grand and taking a bold stand for God. The open-air, and the meetings are well attended, and the Army charter is moving along faster than ever in Hamilton, for which we give God the glory—Captain Huxtable for Adjutant J. B. MacLean.

INDIANS ON FIRE.

C.O.'s—Captain Clark.

Lieut. Dates. War Cry, 73.

AT SUCKER CRACK Monday night, Devil's racket, but we had a good power of God. One proceeds up for cleansing. Barracks crowded. Indians on fire of souls—S. W. Grey.

Mrs. MacLean had a great stir-up at Omecme's anniversary services. They had a banquet and raised \$30.

WANTED—Donations of good books on all kinds of subjects for the Editorial Library.

DITTO—Photographs illustrating every part of our territory, of cities, towns, the Rockies and all the mountains of our part of the world. We want a picture of the North Pole when they discover it.

East of Main Roads.

A JOLLY GOOD MAJOR.

C.O.'s—Adjutant Wiseman.

Lieut. Curry. 365 War Cry.

PETERBOROUGH.—Thursday night we had with us the East Ontario String Band, also some of the best and the day Sunday. Along with them is Major and Mrs. Sharp. The Major read the lesson in the Herring meeting, and gave us some real red-hot tales of the souls knelt at Jesus' feet at the close. In afternoon meeting the Major dedicated Adjutant and Mrs. Wiseman's dear little baby boy. God bless them! We were also glad to have with us again our old friend, Captain Beardsell and his wife. God bless you, Captain. We are glad to see your happy face again. Grand wind-up at night with five souls in the Fountain. The Commissioner, who found the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

greater victories in the future.—J. S. Treasurer, May Lang.

MILLE ROCHER.

C.O.'s—Captain Walker. 267 War Cry.

CORNWALL.—Praise God for victory at Cornwall. Since coming here we have had a grand success. Our hearts have been cheered by seeing some of the souls leave the path of sin and destruction, and to-day they are true blood and fire soldiers. On Monday night a sleigh load of comrades left town for Mill Roche, a village, about six miles from Cornwall, for a meeting in the Methodist Church. Captain Walker and some of the Commissioner, who found the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

Douglas arrived off early in the morning on the tramp, so as to get there in time. The meeting was a grand success. The Commissioner, who found the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

The Junior Soldier work is getting along nicely here, also War Cry's old road.

J. Moss.

ADJT. MRS. MITCHELL.

C.O.'s—Ensign Mitchell. 116 War Cry.

PORT HOPE.—Thursday night, good time, the sons in the Fountain. Praise God for victory. The Commissioner, who found the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

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A LASSIES' STRING BAND.

C.O.'s—Captain Primrose. 104 War Cry.

CAMPBELLFORD.—Lassies' String Band of Kingston, who were, which was a God-glorifying time, with four souls in the Fountain. We're bound to win. Dora Cole, Special Car.

OYSTERS.

C.O.'s—Captain Melick.

Lieut. Dora. 102 War Cry.

NAPANESE.—Oyster Supper over, Good time, the sun realized. Chaired by the presence of Adjutant and Mrs. Wynn. A beautiful meeting; deep conviction evident. Napanees to see better days. Break in Devil's racket service. To God be all the glory!—Ida E. Heames, Rec. Cor.

WILL TURN UP THEIR SLEEVES.

C.O.'s—Adjutant Blackburn.

Captain Wilson. 78 War Cry.

SHERBROOKE.—We are in for the Soul-Surge down here. I am sure the Officers and Soldiers of the Sherbrooke District will turn up their sleeves and put faith into fighting, and some come at Contercoke and Newport. Three souls out for Salvation.—S. Blackburn, Adj.

A HALLULUJA WIND-UP.

C.O.'s—Ensign Kerr.

Captain French. 480 War Cry.

OTTAWA.—Ensign is back from a trip around the District, and reports everything in good trim. Saturday and Sunday all pitched in for a good time with the Commissioner, who found the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

glory rent the air, and everybody went to the top of the tree. We still keep marching on.—Captain A. Bureau for Ensign Kerr.

THE TAILOR LIKES THE SIZEL.

C.O.'s—Ensign Kendall.

Captain Bryan. 25 War Cry.

BROCKVILLE.—Victory! Souls saved Sunday night, but we still have a long way to go. The Commissioner, who found the meeting a mile in the heart of every Christian! And she also helped those who were wavering to take a fresh glance at Calvary, a stronger grip of Him who faith creates or sustains, and made us realize those burning words of truth without the inmost soul being stirred to its depths."

and one for Holiness. The Heavenly rags are blowing. I think the plan of the Sinner is just grand.—the best yet. We are going to see how we can get a victory. Our Major has a grand Spiritual Campaign on which the Officers have taken hold of nobly. Souls! Souls! Saved Tailor.

During the past year, salmon business in Great Falls, Mont., has fallen off nearly a quarter per cent.; so says the "Leader." Everybody says "Traile God!"

BOOMERS' LIST LENGTHENING.

CAPTAIN ZIEBARTH THE WEEK'S CHAMPION.

Glorious Interest—Lovely Prospects
—Etoile Bombarded—Thrilling
Incidents—"Fry" Gets
Exalted.

Onward, blessed Boomers,
"Booming" "Cry" so grand;
In hotels and Bar-rooms,
Up and down the land.

Sell the "Cry" for Jesus,
Push its news afar,
Let the public read it,
All about the War.

CAIT. ZIEBARTH, BUTTE..... 250
CADET HATHORN, ST. JOHN..... 200
CAIT. MCINTYRE, HALIFAX I..... 200
S-M. MRS. PIERCE, TORONTO..... 175

TEMPLE..... 175
ENSIGN WYNNE, NORTH SYDNEY..... 175
B. C..... 175

LIENUT. ZIEBARTH, ROSSLAND..... 175
BRO. LEO, PORTLAND..... 175
Capt. B. Bryan, Brockville..... 157

Kenneth Dunsmore, Bermuda..... 152
Cadet Thon, Spokane..... 125
Adl. Mrs. Deane, Brantford..... 125

Currie McQueen, Windsor, Ont..... 114
Capt. Wilson, Kemptville..... 115
Ensign Mrs. G. North, Sydney (av. 6 w.)..... 111

Sergt. Payne, Helena, (av. 7 w.)..... 111
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III..... 110
Capt. J. Clark, New York..... 109

Fred Hill, Bermuda..... 109
Capt. Henley, Brantford..... 108
BRO. LEO, PORTLAND..... 108

BRO. GEO. BARRETT, MONTREAL I..... 100
Capt. French, Ottawa..... 97
Capt. Vance, New York..... 97

LIENUT. B. RANDON, ST. JOHN..... 97
Lieut. Coolen, Charlottetown..... 93
Sergt. M. Phillips, Lewiston, (td.)..... 82

LIENUT. JACKSON, ST. JOHN..... 82
Ensign Kendall, Brockville..... 81
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C..... 81

Lieut. Bliss, Cornwall..... 79
Capt. Prince, Charlottetown..... 79
Sergt. Mrs. Collier, Spokane..... 76

Alice Langell, Nanaimo, B. C..... 76
Capt. Mrs. Thompson, Dartmouth..... 76
Ensign Ogilvie, St. Albans..... 76

Capt. Mrs. Wynn, Collingwood..... 76
LIENUT. ALICE, VICTORIA, B. C..... 76
Carrie Bess, Hamilton I..... 76

Lieut. H. Dickey, Westville..... 67
Capt. Ebbart, Strathroy..... 62
Capt. LeDrew, Penobscot..... 62

Capt. Priddy, Campbellford..... 62
Mrs. Vay, Ottawa..... 62
Lieut. Miller, St. John..... 62

Capt. Coate, Renfrew..... 62
Sister Love, Seaford..... 62
Sergt. Roche, Kingston..... 62

Sister P. Barry, Hamilton..... 62
Sister Howcroft, Hamilton I..... 62
Capt. Mrs. Fisher, Guelph..... 62

Lieut. Leighton, (av. 2 w.)..... 62
S-M. Vennor, Halifax II, (av. 2 w.)..... 62
Mrs. Scott, Victoria, B. C..... 62

Capt. Wichenall, Westville..... 62
Sergt. McDougall, Guelph..... 62
Dorinda Kerr, Ottawa..... 62

Lila Brander, Fargo..... 62
Liane Van Pelt, Cornwall..... 62
Sis. E. Mitchell, Barrie..... 62

Capt. Hillman, Cobourg..... 62
Sis. J. Pike, Millbrook..... 62
Lieut. Hollett, Wallaceburg..... 62

H. Sunforth, St. Albans..... 62
Sis. Smith, Barrie..... 62
Lieut. McLeod, Pictou, N. S..... 62

Lieut. Latimer, Montreal I..... 62
Mrs. Rogers, Brantford..... 62
BRO. WHIPPLE, VANCOUVER..... 62

Kitty Jones, Livingston..... 62
Sis. E. Barker, Brantford..... 62
Mrs. Johnson, Toronto..... 62

Sis. Mrs. Phillips, Vancouver..... 62
Adl. Mrs. Chislett, North Sydney..... 62
Lieut. McParlane, Collingwood, (av. 2 w.)..... 62

Lieut. Oakes, Renfrew..... 62
Lieut. Hagan, Millis City..... 62
Adl. Mrs. Creighton, Halifax I..... 62

Lieut. Hagan, Millis City..... 62
Capt. A. Bradbury, Pictou, N. S..... 62
S-M. Lane, St. John I..... 62

Mrs. E. Fisher, Brantford..... 62
May Woods, Paris..... 62
BRO. DE WOLF, ST. JOHN I..... 62

Capt. Ringer, Nanaimo..... 62
Mrs. Gilmore, Simcoe..... 62
Sister Myer, Brantford..... 62

Capt. Stajlor, Collingwood..... 62
Sergt. C. Day, North Sydney (av. 2 w.)..... 62
Sergt. Palmer, Hingham..... 62

Sis. W. Fisher, Brantford..... 62
Lieut. Burrows, Watford..... 62
Lieut. Ritchie, St. John III..... 62

Sis. J. D. Barry, Brantford..... 62
Maud Rindall, Butte..... 62
Olga Underman, Butte..... 62

Sis. Collier, Brantford..... 62
Sergt. Simons, Kingston..... 62
Sis. Munroe, Stettinburg..... 62

Henry Linsey, Strathroy..... 30
Capt. Mrs. Clark, Dryden..... 30
Capt. Stotticker, Toronto..... 30
Capt. Matlock, Cornwall..... 30
Sergt. Mrs. Crane, New Glasgow..... 30
Mortimer Lewis, Montreal I..... 30
Ensign J. Jones, Orillia..... 30
Ensign Mrs. Jones, Orillia..... 30
Mrs. Jewell, Pictou..... 30
Carrie Keeler, Strathroy..... 30
BRO. DOUGLAS, CORNWALL..... 30
Audie Wright, Brantford..... 30
Auntie No. 1, New Glasgow (av. 2 w.)..... 30
J. S. & M. B. Sinclair, New Glasgow..... 30
Sergt. Mrs. Crane, New Glasgow..... 30
Walter Currie, Hamilton I..... 30
Capt. J. McDonald, Simcoe..... 30
Sergt. W. Thompson, Sarnia..... 30
Leutra Held, Hespeler..... 30
Cadet McLeod, Bear River..... 30
Capt. F. Bloss, Montreal I..... 30
Josie McLennan, Orillia..... 30
Mrs. Carter, Vancouver..... 30
Capt. Gamble, Westville..... 30
Sergt. V. Meyer, Ingersoll..... 30
Sergt. Mary Curran, New York..... 30
Sis. Hayman, Halifax II, (av. 2 w.)..... 30
Miss Gulina, Millbrook..... 30
BRO. GRIFIN, STRATHROY..... 30
Emeline Worth, Charlottetown..... 30
Sergt. Collins, Halifax I..... 30
Adl. L. Liebeck, Brockville..... 30
Adl. Mrs. Moore, St. John..... 30
Sis. Miller, Cornwall..... 30
Sergt. G. Stanton, Hamilton I..... 30
Sis. Noble, Brantford..... 30
Sis. Annie Mitchell, Hamilton I..... 30
Sis. Louis Mathews, Hamilton I..... 30
Auntie Woodard, Brantford..... 30
Auntie Norton, St. John..... 30
Nellie Lamoureux, St. John III..... 30
Mrs. Anderson, Watford..... 30
Lieut. Nelson, St. John..... 30
Lizzie Cook, Nanaimo, B. C..... 30
Sis. Chillingworth, Montreal I..... 30
Sis. Lorie, Montreal I..... 30

—GO—

NOTES.

Another star has appeared on the chameleon horizon. The Boomers this week are mostly different people. I am always glad to see the folks from the West, but only is Captain Ziebarth at the head of the poll, but it seems as though her sister or any rate another Ziebarth, is well on her way to beat that two of a family should take top places.

Well done, Cadet Burrows! You deserve all the credit I can give you. You must keep it up. Sell 225 Cry's in one week is no mean job. In the toughs over shout at you, "Go and work!"

Then the Toronto Temple Corps has at last got a representative among the Boomers. Mrs. Pierce has been a lover and seller for many years, and she "ain't got weary yet." Rossland's mind is not the only important event since the war. Ask Ensign Woodman and her Lieutenant how they managed to dispose of 550 between them in one week. Captain McIntyre keeps up his reputation somewhat, but he must submit to his defeat this week, and that by a woman! How are the mighty fallen!

Would you like the Champion sellers? Then, I'll drive my cry to you. MACKINTYRE and PIERCE and WOOL-LAM.

ZIEBARTH'S, BURROWS, HILL.

Thank the Lord for Boomers during. Thank the Lord for Grit! Thank the Lord for holy courage. Don't give in one whit.

Let the above be sung to the tune, "Hold the Fort."

Montreal I. has taken out a new lease. New people are taking an interest and new blood is being stirred up. This is great! Of course, Ottawa must keep up its reputation. Mrs. Adjutant Mitchell, of Colbourne, writes: "To do justice to Captain Hillman, of Colbourne, I must drop a line to say that she sold 53 Cry's ON ONE WEEK. There has been scarcely a week, or only a few, in the last four years, that she has not sold 50 Cry's and over. She puts her heart in her "Cry" selling. Now for a calculation: 50 times 52 weeks equals 2,600 and four times that equals 10,400 "Cry's" sold by this plucky officer. O, the world there must be accomplished!

An interesting note came to hand from Adjutant Dowell thus: "Mrs. Dowell has sold 200 Cry's in Brantford and in the saloons, for the past two months and never missed one week. Her sales have been from 100 to 125 per week, and she has been selling Cry's since God has helped her. The people are very kind to her and treat her with the greatest respect. Mrs. Dowell sells 200 per week. We sell every week 250 and are hard upon the 300 mark." That's the kind of news I like to hear of.

Dear old Sergeant Armstrong, of St. John III. has been a tireless "Cry"-selling. God bless him!

Hamilton I. is launching out. They are getting regular boomers organized and will do their best to push the "Cry."

Another interested party has made his appearance. He is no ordinary fellow. Reverence, Audrey Thorwood, Captain R. A. North Sydney, C. R. T. He has written for a long time giving "Cry's" taken in his week (rather had plan this) and asks the Editor to print the portrait of a

certain seller, giving a pen-and-ink out-line for this purpose: something like I used to draw on my slate when my teeth were undeveloped. Now, dear Captain, the Editor has a little feeling. Send him a good portrait of this brother, and something shall be done with it.

Should a boomer meet a boomer
Booming on the street,
Cheer him, smile and try to help him.
Make his labor sweet.

A confession! Who makes it? Why, Captain Bryan, of Brockville. After telling that 22 Cry's were sold in saloons, he continues: "We have sold a good number right along, but have neglected to report. This week — has given us a 'spur.' Will do better in the future."

Another confession! Read it! — "We are away down in our sales, but our 'Cry's' did not arrive till Sunday. They were snow-bound. They don't sell well on Monday." — W. C. S-M. Mrs. Law.

Ensign Wain and Lieutenant Hagan have a tough fight at Miles City. Their booming is hard tolling work, but God helps them.

Sergeant-Major Mrs. Law, of Victoria, writes: "Mrs. Moore's War Cry every Saturday night in the saloons, beside selling every Friday afternoon in different parts of the city and find War Cry-selling a beautiful way of working for Jesus. We find so many ways of holding up our flag. Mrs. Moore has a splendid voice, and sings whenever she gets an opportunity. I have seen tears come to many a man's eyes when in her clear, distinct tones, she sang, 'Thank you in the paths of dishonor and shame.' And bringing disgrace on your mother's fair name."

The melody will come in the midst of your gloom,
When you will remember the prayers at her knee.

Chorus
Oh, hearts that are broken and mothers that weep,
What willows of sorrow must ever them sweep!

Oh, wandering boy, far away from your God,
Come back to the path your mother has trod.

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Chorus
Oh, hearts that are broken and mothers that weep,
What willows of sorrow must ever them sweep!

Sister Medlock, Toronto, sells hampers. Brantford keeps its record good. Peterboro is divided into wards. Where is Stratford this week? Stroud means to push the "Cry." Captain French, Ottawa, sold 42 in hotels and saloons in one evening.

Never say die, never say die,
Steadily keep on marching;
Ready to sell the "Cry,"
Booming away, booming the "Cry,"
Steadily keep on booming."

Pray for
PHY.

Coming Events.

J. S. Secretary's Appointments in the
Central Ontario Province.

Dovercourt, March 5th; Bowery, 6th and 7th.

Seraphites in West Ontario.

Thedford, March 12th; Port, 13th, 14th; Chatham, 15th; Market, 16th; West Port Huron, 18th; Sarnia, 20th; Courtland, 22nd; Port Lambton, 23rd; Wainford, 24th; Wallaceburg, 25th, 26th; Wrentham, 27th, 28th; Chatham, 29th, 30th; Hurby, 31st.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents Appointments.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN SCORFIELD (with the Wonderful Talking Machine) will visit Stobie, March 4th; Coppechill, 5th; Sudbury, 6th, 7th; North Bay, 8th; Burke's Falls, 9th; Albany, 10th, 11th; Pary Sound, 12th; Bracebridge, 13th, 14th, 15th; Orillia, 16th; Coldwater, 17th; Wainford, 18th; Barrie, 19th, 20th, 21st; Collingwood, 22nd.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN SISIS (with Lantern) will visit Kingston, March 4th; Portsmouth, 5th; Kingston, 6th, 7th; Sunbury, 8th, 9th; Gananoque, 10th, 11th; Inverville, 12th, 13th, 14th; Prescott, 15th; Morrisburg, 17th; Cornwall, 18th; Hamilton, 22nd, 23rd; St. Albans, Vermont, 24th.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN MACKENZIE (with Lantern) will visit: Port Arthur, March 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th; Port William, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th; Rat Portage, 11th, 12th, 13th; Keewatin, 14th; Winnipeg, 15th, 16th; Emerson, 17th, 18th; Grand Forks, 19th, 20th, 21st; Hillsboro, 22nd, 23rd; Fargo, 24th; Wahpeton, 25th, 26th.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

ENSIGN PERRY (with Lantern) will visit: St. John's, March 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th; Yarmouth, 6th, 7th; Dieby, 8th; Bear River, 9th; Annapolis, 10th; Bridgewater, 11th; Lunenburg, 12th; Liverpool, 13th, 14th; Antigonish, 15th; Kentville, 16th; Canning, 17th; Windsor, 18th, 19th; Dartmouth, 20th, 21st; Halifax I, 22nd; Halifax II, 23rd.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN ANDREWS (with Lantern) will visit: Leamswater, March 10th; Truro, 11th; Lethbridge, 12th; Pelly, 13th, 14th; Aldermay, 15th; Walkerton, 16th; Croydon, 17th; Mount Peter, 18th; Driffield, 19th, 20th; Guelph, 15th; Acton, 16th; Ber-17th; Acton, 18th; Hespeler, 19th; Brantford, 20th, 21st; Paris, 22nd; Ayr, 23rd.

Warbles from West Ontario.

THE LARGEST KNEE-DRILL YET.

C.O.—Capt. South.

LIENUT. LITTON. H7 War Cry.

SEAFORTH.—Glorious thing, largest knee-drill yet. Commencing Land Officers, new J. S. Sergt.-Major. One soul in junior meeting. Four souls at night meeting.

GOING TO DANCE FOR GOD.

C.O.—Ensign and Mrs. Creighton.

Capt. Crawford. War Cry, 26.

CHATHAM.—Saturday night another poor drunkard regaled Salvation. Sunday two for Salvation in Hallowes meeting. Four for Salvation at night. Largest crowd at night meeting for some time. We sang, shouted, danced and gave God all the glory.

Converts' meeting Monday night; twenty-two present. Two brothers who had refused to dance, not only at the previous night, and declared their intention to dance for God in the future. One couple Sunday previous, making forty-four souls New Year.

MARCH 14th

Exodus xvii., 1-10.

"AND THEY CRY FOR WATER."

ANOTHER MIRACLE FROM THE LORD.

THE FIRST AMALEKITE ENCOUNTER

A REMARKABLE BATTLE.

QUESTIONS.

MEMORY TEXT.

"Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands."

BIRDS OF PREY.

By MAJOR J. REAR

OTHER NOTES

LOCAL AGENTS' PRIZES

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

THE : FIELD : COMMISSIONER

BUFFALO BOB: "Say, Jake, what on earth is that in the sky?"
 LAMPYARD JAKE: "Why, it is—no it isn't—yes it is—Hurrat!—it's Miss Booth, the Field Commissioner, out west! Come on, Bob, let's ride into town and hear her talk."



PORT ARTHUR,	Friday,	March 19th
WINNIPEG,	Sunday,	" 21st
"	Monday,	" 22nd
FARGO,	Wednesday,	" 24th

OUT : WEST.

JAMESTOWN,	Thursday,	March 25th
BUTTE,	Saturday,	" 27th
"	Sunday,	" 28th
HELENA,	Wednesday,	" 31st